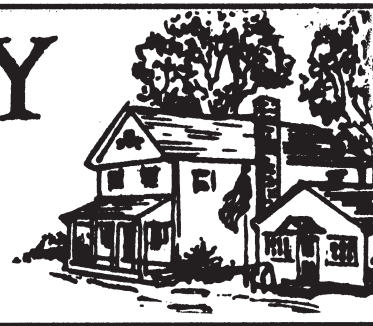




MONTEREY NEWS

August 2008
VOLUME XXXVIII · Number 8



The Town

Police Matters

At five a.m. on Sunday, July 6, two wedding guests from a large wedding on the New Marlborough side of Lake Buel commandeered a rowboat to see the house that had been damaged by fire in April 2007. One man climbed onto a neighbor's dock, and was trying to start his party boat when the neighbor intervened. While

trying to prevent the wedding guest from drowning, he was pulled into the water and a scuffle ensued. The guest broke free, tried unsuccessfully to climb back into the rowboat, took a life preserver, and floated across the lake, where he was met by the police. Monterey, New Marlborough, and Great Barrington police all responded to the call because it was reported as a water safety incident. The matter is still under investigation by the Monterey Police.

There was a breaking and entering on Main Road. The police would like to remind residents that it is in your best interest to secure items of value in your home and to lock doors and windows when not home.

Police Chief Gareth Backhaus recommended that the warranty be extended for the new police cruiser from three years/\$75,000 to three years/\$100,000; the cost will be an additional \$1500, which



Maureen and Mike Banner's gardens will be one of the stops on the Bidwell House benefit garden tour. See p. 8.

will come from the police budget. The Select Board agreed.

The Monterey Police also responded to the following calls during the last month:

- Loose dog on Pixley Road.
- Noise complaint about Camp Half Moon's P.A. system.
- Assisted Fire Department with several medical calls.
- Loose cows on Main Road.
- False alarms on Swann Road, North Cove, and three at the Town Hall.
- Report of a missing nine foot dinghy—the matter was turned over to the harbormaster, Dean Amidon.
- Accident on Main Road involving a car and a horse—the horse is fine, the car sustained some damage.
- Report of a loose bear in the Lake Buel area—the bear was not found.
- Complaint about dump trucks coming out of Sylvan Road at 11:30 p.m.

Second Homeowners Meeting

Several questions and concerns were raised at the annual second homeowners meeting with the Select Board on July 12. People asked if there was any flexibility in the starting and stopping times of the Lake Garfield drawdown? Requests were made for some accommodations in case of severe weather, because of flooding concerns downstream. It was agreed that Director of Operations Maynard Forbes can close and open gates in case of hazardous weather. The fall drawdown period runs from October 15 until the end of November. Docks left in the water year round are at the owners' risk.

There were complaints about the lack of patrol on Lake Buel, as well as increased boat traffic and noise. Apparently the patrol from the state (both Lake Buel and Lake Garfield are state lakes) only comes twice a year and then only observes through binoculars. Lake Buel second homeowners were concerned about the large amount of traffic on the lake and

suggested it was because Lake Garfield has no open public boat ramp.

There was a concern about knocked over signs on Hupi Road.

Someone asked if the transfer station could be open on Memorial Day and Labor Day. Maynard Forbes said that these holidays are on Monday, when the dump is usually closed, and are not in the contract with Master Garbologist.

Operations and Highways

A letter was faxed to Ben Downing and Smitty Pignatelli, questioning the wording of an application for grant money for the salt shed. Monterey's application was turned down, and the Select Board was hoping to beat the deadline and protest.

Director of Operations Maynard Forbes reported that there have been three bidders for gasoline for town trucks.

Signs have been installed on River Road stating that there is no through access. New Marlborough has closed its section of the road just above the Hatchery.

Lake Matters

Select Board member Scott Jenssen spoke at the annual Friends of Lake Garfield meeting regarding policies for docks and ice damage, drawdown, etc. The water level drawdown of Lake Garfield has been in place since around 1980. It was set in response to dense growths of Eurasian water milfoil.

Julio and Pat Rodriguez came in to discuss the Lake Garfield drawdown study: part of the Order of Conditions included a baseline plant study they feel needs to be done now, and they asked whether funds had been put aside for that. The Board stated that they needed to be asked by a Town Committee or Board, and referred the Rodriguezes to the conservation Commission and the preparer of the Notice of Intent to determined the time frame and costs involved. The Rodriguezes asked for a residents' mailing list. The Board voted to cover the costs of labels through the Select Board account.

The drawdown policy was reviewed at another meeting. A new policy is coming out in the fall. The drawdown schedule will be more flexible to take into account the weather and its effect on the greater watershed.

Kenn Basler of the Monterey General Store said he has been getting lots of questions about where and when residents can launch a boat on Lake Garfield. The Board told Mr. Basler to refer people to the Harbormaster or Deputy Harbormaster.

Rod Palmer came in to discuss the future of a public boat launch at Lake Garfield. The Board will speak with Town Counsel regarding its options once the survey results of the town beach and surrounding properties has been received.

A complaint was made about the lack of lifeguards at Lake Garfield on June 30

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SATURDAY AUGUST 2 10:30-Noon \$5

FORUM: THE IMPACT OF CULTURE ON PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OUTCOMES FROM 1948 TO THE PRESENT TIME TO CAST YOUR BALLOT

At our concluding session we will ask the audience to talk about who they're voting for and to trace the history of their vote beyond the individual personality of the candidate they intend to support.



SATURDAY, AUGUST 16 8PM \$10 BOTTOM OF THE BUCKET

Monterey-based **Bottom of the Bucket** combine Traditional Irish, Old Time, New England and French Canadian music with their own eclectic, original sound. Coming from very different musical backgrounds, **Eric Martin, Stephen Enoch and Daniel Garrigan-Byerly** join fiddle, guitar, djembe and mandolin to create their unique and expanding repertoire.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23 8PM \$10 COMMON THREAD

Traditional and contemporary folk music. Guitar, fiddle and voice meld into a uniquely warm and captivating sound. **John Sellow, Jamie Vlcek and Eric Martin** are all Monterey-based artists.



IN THE GALLERY AUGUST 16 - SEPTEMBER 20 LUCINDA TAVERNISE - PAINTINGS

An exhibition of paintings by Lucinda Tavernise showing an acute spiritual awareness of her subjects. While working, "I get to self indulge by arresting Time, reveling in sensations derived from intimately feeling every nook and cranny, sniffing every organic twist and turn, paying attention to minute shifts of hue." (Gallery Hours: Before, during and after performances.)



and July 1. The complainant said that when he was a member of the Park Commission earlier this spring, it had been agreed that lifeguards were to start full time once school was out.

A message was left on the Select Board voicemail complaining about the above issue, and also the lack of a sign on River Road, saying closed, no through traffic at the Hatchery.

Michael Storch said there was a concern that there should be a phone at the town beach.

Transfer Station

A letter was received from Valley Mill protesting the Town of Monterey transfer station bid award. Tom Garrity of LB Corporation attended the Select Board meeting on July 14, and it was agreed that even though LB Corporation has had an impeccable record and their bid was lower and had been made in good faith, that did not justify changing from Master Garbologist, which has had the contract for ten years and has given outstanding service. (The Select Board is not required to award contracts to the lowest bidder, but may take other considerations into account.) Mr. Garrity thanked the Board for their time and attention.

The Board discussed a complaint that the transfer station attendant turned away a resident, even though she had a valid sticker. Scott Jenssen suggested that the Board should be completing an employee review form for the attendant, as is done for appointed town employees. It was also noted that after July 1 the transfer station

will no longer be charging for bulky waste items.

Select Board Meeting Times

Because of a time conflict with a member's full-time job the Select Board meeting times have been changed to Mondays from 4:00 to 6:00 p.m. The Board will be meeting with appointed employees twice a month. The Interdepartmental Secretary's schedule will be as follows: Mondays from 8:30 a.m. till 6:30 p.m. (8:30 to 9:30 a.m. with Building Commissioner, town offices from 9:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., and the Select Board from 4:00 to 6:30 p.m.), Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays 8 a.m.—4 p.m., and Wednesdays 8—11:30 a.m.

Building Matters

Building Inspector Donald Torrico reported that the KSA Sports Camp on Lake Buel opened on schedule on Sunday, June 29, but as of July 7 they still had several permits outstanding. Mr. Torrico said that he had changed his vacation plans because of the work required to



Susan Sellev

Wasn't it great to see Arnie Hayes back at his old post on the music stand at the Firemen's Steak Roast? You still have the touch, Arnie!

help open KSA, and asked that the camp inspection fees be adjusted as follows: an initial inspection fee of \$300, based on an average of ten hours to issue a certificate of inspection, and double time for any additional hours required. The Board, after Scott Jenssen recused himself, voted to raise the initial inspection fee to \$350 for up to ten hours, and then \$35/hour after that for normal business hours, time and a half on weekends, and double time on vacations or holidays. A letter will be sent to all the camps.

Several complaints were made from second homeowners that Camp Keswick is pitching tents on June Rochiedieu's property on Lake Garfield. Torrico will follow up. He said that Keswick is no longer just a summer camp but a year-round conference center, and that the town bylaws need to be addressed, because they prohibit year-round camps. Select Board Chair Wayne Burkhart agreed that Monterey's bylaws need attention.

Town Counsel Jeremia Pollard met with the Board to discuss structures such as walls, trees, and fences in the town



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right of way, and who was responsible for these structures. When asked what process should be followed if the town needed to take a piece of property, Pollard said that an appraisal would be needed and then a payment would be offered to the owner, which could be accepted or refused. If refused, process could be started for an adverse taking. Any specific issues concerning this would be discussed in a closed session.

The Board reviewed a letter of interest submitted for the Inspector of Wiring position. This will be reviewed with the Building Commissioner.

Wilson-McLaughlin House Committee

Joe Baker and members of the Wilson-McLaughlin House Committee attended a Select Board meeting. The Wilson-McLaughlin House and land on New Marlborough Road were left to the town by Edith Wilson and Marjorie McLaughlin. Edith was an artist, sculptor and architect. Some of her paintings are in the Town Hall, and her artwork is on the Monterey Seal and the Monterey News masthead. The Committee has gathered information for the last four years, in hopes of renovating the house and making it a Community Center. While there was much public support for a Community Center, the funding is not present.

The Select Committee is going to take the next few weeks to discuss the future of the committee and how best to fulfill

Edith Wilson's will concerning her gift of house and land.

Environmental Matters

An error was made in last month's *News* stating that volunteers were needed to administer a CET (Center for Environmental Technology) grant. W. Burkhart stated that what was actually said was that a CET representative was going to be meeting with the Board to discuss the options the town has for using the grant money.

Nancy Nylan from CET attended the Select Board meeting on July 21. One of CET's missions is to reduce greenhouse gas emissions. Monterey has \$3159 in its CET account as of the end of May, as a result of participation in the GreenStart program. A motion was made to go forward with solar panels for the highway shed at the town garage, using CET's money and a grant from Commonwealth Solar, which will be about \$12,000.

Monterey has an unusually high number of people signed up for GreenStart, which helps pay for sustainable energy. CET partners with Massachusetts Energy to implement New England GreenStart. For an extra 2.4 cents per kilowatt hour (tax deductible), GreenStart will match your monthly electricity use with local renewable energy generators such as wind from the turbine in Hull, Massachusetts, solar power from rooftops across Massachusetts and Rhode Island, low-impact hydro from across New England, and landfill

gas from Chicopee. The Massachusetts Technology Collaborative will match 60 percent of the premiums with two grants, funding clean energy projects for communities and for low income residents. CET has already helped 23 communities in western Massachusetts earn over \$330,000 in matching funds and grants for renewable energy projects. To enroll, the web address is www.Greenstart.net, or call 800-369-3333

This and That

Lakefest, sponsored by the Friends of Lake Garfield, will be held on August 16.

Lake Buel's annual fireworks will be held on Labor Day weekend.

The Select Board discussed the Employment Committee makeup and the appearance of conflict of interest, because two members of the committee make suggestions about their own salaries. In order to retain valuable input, the committee will be made up of two employees as advisory members, one Select Board member, one Finance Committee member, and one Monterey citizen. A notice will be placed in the *Monterey News* looking for interested citizens.

Fire Chief Ray Tryon reported that the gazebo has been painted.

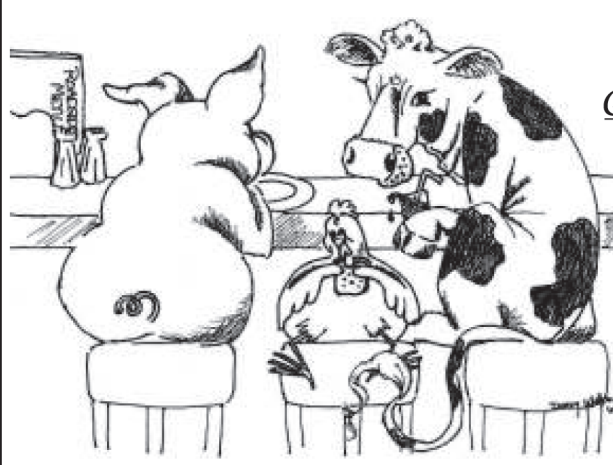
Town counsel was thanked for his input on the Board of Appeals alternate question. If the Board of Appeals decides that a vacancy has been created due to the leave of absence requested by Susan Cooper, the Select Board will then appoint an alternate member.

The Southern Berkshire Regional Emergency Planning Committee's requested \$500 to cover a secretary. The Select Board agreed. The money will come from the Emergency Management Administration account.

— Sue Protheroe

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LakeFest 2008 Going Green!

On August 16, the Town of Monterey and the Friends of Lake Garfield (FLG) bring you ... (FANFARE) ... LakeFest 2008! (I'm so excited, I can't find the right keys on my typewritik.) Since FLG is primarily an environmentally friendly group—you know, preserve and protect Lake Garfield, etc.—this year we've decided LakeFest should go green. (What took us so long?)

Would you believe, last year LakeFest birthed 13 burgeoning bags of garbage. Those big black bags, no less. This year we mean to clean up our act, reduce our carbon footprint (whatever that is). So, for openers, this year we will not be giving away water in plastic bottles, bottles that have a way of adorning the landscape when empty. Instead, bring a non-breakable, non-disposable water container and fill it up, absolutely free, at the Amidon's icy, cold aquifer. (Don't tell anyone—shhhh!—that aquifer is Fran and Dean's fountain of youth, bless them.)

Next, here's the green spin on LakeFest's sumptuous, scrumptious potluck dinner. As usual, between 5:00 and 5:30 p.m., bring your special creations—think generously, enough to serve 10 people. Try to include Berkshire-grown ingredients. Use non-disposable containers, with utensils—and mark them with your name for pickup at evening's end. Those who bring food will be issued "Potluck tickets." To make sure that we don't wind up with 128 macaroni salads and nothing else, we ask you to follow these guidelines: if your last name starts with A thru H, please bring a salad, pasta, or side dish; I thru P, a dessert; and Q thru Z, a main course/entrée. LakeFest will supply free hot dogs, hamburgers, and soft drinks. Be green! Bring your own reusable plates, utensils, cups and silverware—and take them home with you—along with your trash. (If need be, we'll provide place setting for \$1, each; however, it's not our preference, so we're using this tiny type in the hope that you won't see this option.)

If you'd like to be a star, volunteer to help out with the potluck dinner. Please call Margo Golos at 413-644-9438, or Cheryl Zellman at 413-644-9823. (Either will welcome you with hugs and kisses—

FREE FUN FOR ALL!

LakeFest 2008 Saturday, August 16

9:00 to 11:00 a.m.

Fishing Derby for children
at the Hatchery pond on River Road

Town Beach Events

2:00 to 5:00 p.m.

**Games, Sandcastles, Face Painting,
Motorboat Rides, Kayak Rides and more! On the
heels of last year's success, children will, once again,
be given disposable cameras to shoot "LakeFest,
through the Eyes of Kids".**

5:00 to 5:45 p.m.

A Special Surprise for Kids

5:45 to 7:00 p.m.

Potluck Dinner & Marshmallow Roast

7:00 p.m.

David Grover & the Big Bear Band

Back for the fourth year, by popular demand.

Music & Dancing for Everyone

*The Friends of Lake Garfield (FLG) brings you LakeFest with the
support (financial, emotional and physical) of our Town of Monterey.*

and, perhaps, even give you access to their
secret to-die-for brownie stash.)

See the schedule for what promises
to be a glorious Lake Garfield day.

(Hear that, Mr. Weatherman? Enough
with the thunderstorms, already!)

— Hy Rosen



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Monterey's New Postmaster: *Winona Beth Carpenter has been appointed as Monterey Postmaster. Beth lives in New Marlborough, where she serves as a volunteer firefighter, but she has strong Monterey ties; she is the niece of Ruby Kinne.*

School Committee Update

The Massachusetts legislature recently approved the proposal, already approved by all five member towns in this year's round of town meetings, to have the ten representatives of the Southern Berkshire Regional School District School Committee elected by vote of all five members towns, replacing the old method of having the respective representatives appointed by the individual Select Boards. While awaiting the outcome of the November elections, the sitting School Committee is fully engaged in conducting the business of the District.

Current members Herb Abelow and Charles McSpirit, New Marlborough; Jack

Pollit, Eric Blackburn, Susan Young, and David Steindler, Sheffield; Linda Silvestri, Alford; Stephen Willig and Charles Flynn, Egremont; and Deborah Mielke, Monterey, have, in addition to attending regular meetings held every two weeks, been assigned to the various (13 in number) sub-committees. My sub-committee assignments are Finance, Collective Bargaining, Eagle Fund, Policy, and Executive Evaluation.

The Collective Bargaining subcommittee has begun reviewing the current contracts of Unit's A, D and E (there is no B or C). In addition to contract negotiations this year (they happen every three years), the Committee will begin a superintendent search and, hopefully, engage in a positive dialogue with our counterparts at Berkshire Hills Regional School District to discuss sharing services, from purchasing supplies to a Superintendent's Union.

On July 1 our Interim Superintendent, Dr. Michael Singleton, began his tenure. He will be visiting the Monterey Select Board meeting on August 11 at 5 p.m. Please stop in to meet him.

— Deborah Mielke



Voter Information for Sept. 16 Primary Election

The last day to enroll as a voter for the primary election on September 16 is Wednesday, August 27. That is also the last day to change party affiliation. On September 16, "Unenrolled" voters may choose a ballot; Political party voters must take the ballot of their party. Political designation voters who enrolled as "Libertarian" cannot take a ballot in a primary because there were not enough Libertarian voters in previous years, but "Green Rainbow" and "Working Families" achieved enough votes earlier to have ballots available to their members. Please note: if you are Libertarian, there will be no ballot available to you in September (in November, where there is just one ballot, you will be able to vote).

— Barbara Swann, Town Clerk



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Cultural Council Events

Ikebana Flower Arranging, Saturday, August 16, 10:30–12:30, community room, Monterey Church

The Cultural Council regrets the cancellation of printmaking workshop that was scheduled for August 16, but we hope to reschedule it in the future. In the meantime, we are fortunate to have found another program for that date. Toby Frank, sculptor and teacher of Ikebana flower arranging, will lead a workshop in this flower arranging method. A resident of New York City and the Berkshires, Frank studied at the Nippon Club in NYC and for two years in France. Although there is no charge, participants (limited to 12) will need to pre-register and bring several simple items to use in this hands-on workshop. Call Neil McGinnis, 528-5608.

AfroQuilt Worldwide community potluck & celebration, Sunday, August 31, 5:00, Firehouse Pavilion

This year's Labor Day weekend event is inspired by the Monterey-based nonprofit Center for Peace through Culture. The group has worked to create the "World Without AIDS Quilt Project," a seven-panel piece that includes 56 pictures painted by AIDS orphans in Cameroon. The quilt will be unveiled during the August 31st event, and there will be live music (group to be announced) and a potluck dinner. Monterey is famous for

Our Lady of the Hills Chapel

Our Lady of the Hills Roman Catholic Chapel opened for the summer starting the first weekend in July and will remain open through August. Reverend John Lis is celebrating the liturgies at 7 p.m. every Saturday night. The chapel is on Beartown Mountain Road near the intersection with Hupi Road. All are welcome to attend.

its potlucks, and this will be no exception. This potluck menu will be serendipitously organized, so please bring a generous portion of your favorite picnic food to share, and include a serving utensil. Plates and place settings will be provided. As always, everyone is welcome.

An Afternoon with the Bard, September 27, 4:00 p.m., Church Sanctuary

Save the date for this special event presented by Ben Luxon. British-born Luxon had a thirty-year career in the international opera scene as a leading singer at the English National Opera, the Metropolitan in New York, and in the great opera houses of Europe. He has now turned toward the written word, performing in theaters and giving poetry readings. In this program he looks at William Shakespeare, the man and his times, through monologues and speeches from his plays. This event is free and open to the public. Contact person is Joe Baker at 528-5134.

Monterey School Seeking Students

The Monterey school still has openings for next year. It will be a combined K–1 classroom with a teacher student ratio of 1:3 or 1:4. If you know anyone who has a child going into kindergarten or first grade, pass on the word that it is a special little school with lots of learning and fun.

In addition to reading, writing and arithmetic, they have art, Spanish, and music. Did we forget gym? That is part of the picture too, even ice skating periodically when Mother Nature allows.

Every other week the children take a trip to the Monterey Library and have story time with Kate Basler.

Children from any town are welcome. We have had students "choice in" before from as far away as Becket and Sheffield.

If you wish to register your child, call Undermountain Elementary at 413-229-8754 and speak with the principal's office at ext. 377.



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Garden Tour to Benefit Bidwell House

Tickets are now available for the first Annual Monterey Garden Tour to benefit the Bidwell House Museum slated for Saturday, August 9 from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Eight spectacular local gardens will be featured. The grounds of the Bidwell House will be open for picnic lunches from noon to 1 p.m.; guests are invited to bring their own picnic or buy it at the museum.

At 1 p.m. Ruth Green, coordinator of the "Garden Angels" volunteer gardeners at the museum and owner of Green Arts Design, will give a talk on "Perennials and Colonial Gardening." The lecture is included in the cost of the Garden Tour, which is \$15 per person and two for \$25.

Featured gardens include the Jan Emmons Flower Gardens and the Heirloom Vegetable Garden at the Bidwell House; these are maintained by the famous "Garden Angels" under the direction of Green, and they will provide the backdrop for picnic tables for the touring guests. Also on Art School Road, guests will be invited to the "Hidden Treasure" behind the stone walls lining Roberts Woods Farm; mature perennials are nestled in view of grazing Icelandic horses in this bucolic wonderland.

An artisan's creation, the gardens of silversmiths Maureen and Michael Banner (see photo, p. 1) begin with a cottage entry garden; dry perennials cascade on a hillside with a rustic vegetable patch, a natural pond, and trails progressing into the native forest. Around the corner on Hupi Road, the "Arbor and Labor of Love" gardens of Donald and Carol Welsch will be open for guests; from a tiered deck, this hummingbird and butterfly paradise is approached by artfully placed stone steps. The Micklewright's "Lake Farm" is a historic 1835 Greek Revival on Beartown Mountain Road, framed by bride and groom trees and a mown field where chicken coops used to be; a new veggie patch is billed as "primitive but pretty."

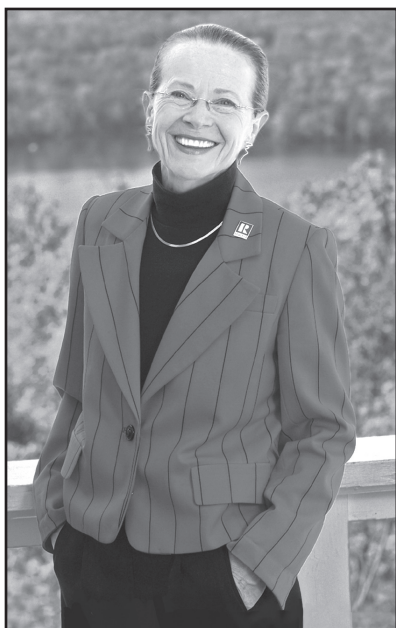
The spectacular gardens include the Edie and Stan Ross Garden and the Pullens "Green Haven Farm," both on Main Road. Christmas hollies frame the Japanese red maple in front of the Ross house and, walking to the right of the barn, visitors will see the vinca ground cover, hostas, and various interspersed flowering bulbs progressing from early daffodils leading to a gazebo, surrounded by perennials and evergreens, including rhododendrons, azaleas, and lilacs blooming from early spring to fall. A stone wall is mirrored with a larger stone wall across a grassy area supporting more

perennials from early daffodils to late summer blooming black-eyed Susans.

The Pullens Green Haven Farm is a working organic vegetable farm with a small nursery grown from seed; Monterey and area residents stop by for the annuals that are sold on the premises and will be displayed for the garden tour. Flowers abound and across the street it is possible to visit the maturing tomatoes, eggplants, and peppers.

Rawson Brook Farm, owned and managed by Susan Sellw is one of the area's favorite destinations in all seasons to buy the very best chèvre. Susan manages to make time to create a charming garden, and visitors are welcome to view the mixture of flowers and vegetables. While you are there, you may see the milking of the goats and get to know them, as they wear collars with their names embedded on them.

The Tale of Eight Gardens is truly a time to relax with friends and neighbors, visit the local folks, and support the greening of Monterey. For more information about ticket sales, please call 413-528-6888.



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Sunday, 8:00 am–3:00 pm

Parks Department News

Lifeguard Saves Man's Life

Katie Miller (20 years old) of New Marlborough, a lifeguard at Monterey's town beach, saved an 82-year-old man in Lake Garfield at 1:30 p.m. on July 22.

While on duty Katie was called to the scene by the gentlemen's family as he struggled in the water. Katie swam out, put a board under the man, and assisted him back to the safety of the shore. She was then assisted by co-lifeguard Valerie Zantay. Once they realized that he was fine, the man and his family left the beach.

Earlier this summer lifeguard Valerie Zantay "scooped" up a five-year-old boy who was starting to go under and was clearly "over his head."

We are lucky to have lifeguards Katie Miller, Valerie Zantay, Emily Shaw, and Lauren Stephenson watching over the Lake Garfield town beach each and every day this summer.

Big Bellies

Working with the Select Board last fall, the Park Commission obtained monies through a Clean Energy Choice Matching Grant to purchase "clean energy goods." Some of the funds went to purchase the Big Belly solar panel garbage cans that are now at the town beach and in Greene Park. These are helping the garbage situation, and no more varmints raid the garbage cans in town. Also, due to signs and surveillance and communication, household refuse is no longer left at the beach or park.

— Chandler Crawford



On July 7, the Select Board held its first afternoon meeting under the new schedule (Mondays at 4 p.m.): (l. to r.) Plumbing and Gas Inspector Robert Krupski, Sue Protheroe (Monterey News reporter), Building Commissioner Donald Torrico, and Select Board members Scott Jenssen, Wayne Burkhart (Chair), and Jon Sylbert.

New Schedule for Select Board Meetings, Secretary's Hours

The Select Board's has changed the time of its weekly Select Board meetings from every Monday morning from 9-12 to every Monday afternoon (excluding holidays) from 4-6 p.m.

The meeting time change also requires that the Inter-Departmental Secretary's hours at the Town Hall change to the following: Mondays 8:30-6:30 (between the hours of 4-6:30 Melissa will be attending the Select Board meetings), Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays 8:00-4:00 and Wednesdays 8-11:30 a.m.

These changes went into effect on Monday, July 7, 2008.

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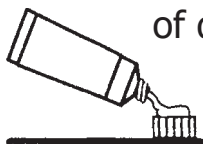
When you do business in a small town like Monterey for over twenty years, it leads to a certain way of dealing with people, one far removed from the assembly line atmosphere so prevalent in the automobile industry today. Even though we moved from Monterey to Rt. 7 on the Great Barrington/Sheffield line several years ago,

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Route 23 Monterey

From the Meetinghouse ...

Once again, the question has come up, "What role should religion play in public life?" The annual parade in Pittsfield on the 4th of July spurred it this time. Two religious groups took part in the parade this year, St. Agnes' Church, which has taken part in the past and even won a prize last year for its float, and a group of roughly 300 people from several different evangelical churches representing the group Berkshire Revival Fires. I don't have anything to add to the debate that has been ongoing on the opinion pages of the *Berkshire Eagle*. But I do find the question compelling, one that I ask myself nearly every time I sit down to write an article for this newspaper. As the pastor of a congregation of the United Church of Christ, which is one of the mainline Protestant denominations, why am I writing for the town newspaper? Yes, this is published "under the auspices of the Monterey UCC." Yes, too, the congregation I serve is the only year-round church in town and so is in many ways the "Monterey Church." Even still, I monthly wonder, on what authority do I write for the *Monterey News*?

Two writers who've helped me in my wrestling are Parker Palmer and Martin Marty, whose alliterative names make them especially fun to quote. Parker Palmer wrote the book *In the Company of Strangers: Christians and the Renewal of Public Life*, and Martin Marty wrote the prologue to the edition I have. In the book,

Mr. Palmer makes a tripartite distinction between the private, the political, and the public, and it's his contention that public life in this culture at this time has withered to nearly nothing while the political dominates nearly all discourse, and the private has become the thing for which we all strive, perhaps to escape the aggressive encroaching of all things political. But the church, he claims, is poised to breathe new life into the public realm, not merely, as Mr. Marty puts it, "to make little raids into it," but to establish "a pattern of care for it." "Let your gentleness be known," the apostle Paul wrote to the church in Philippi, going on to assure them, "The Lord is near."

I don't know if the participants in the parade from Berkshire Revival Fires meant to express care for the public realm of Pittsfield and care for our country on this important day in our common life. If they did, their message was obscured for many who were there. This I do know: I hope my occasional writing in these pages expresses my own care for what happens in this community, and the church's care for the same. To be sure, this comes not because we are people who are uncommonly caring and kind but because we believe in and worship a God who is uncommonly caring and kind. At church, we can proclaim this truth about God. But in the public realm, we're called to live this truth.

— Elizabeth Goodman
ॐ

How Does Your Garden Grow?

If you're like I am, your garden started later than usual, and then got hit with a June frost, too much rain, too much sun, not enough time except when it was too much time—you know the drill, the usual Berkshire County weather-related challenges to growing garden crops.

Nonetheless, as our gardens morph into their August mode, surplus will emerge and then what? The right answer, of course, is to share the bounty with neighbors who are not able to grow fresh food.

If you'd like to direct some of your excess garden vegetables to the Old Parish Church food pantry in Sheffield, please consider leaving your weekly surplus in the refrigerator at the United Church of Christ in Monterey on Sunday afternoons. I'll pick the food up on Monday morning and deliver what we've got to Mrs. Robert Broli, the Sheffield resident who helps coordinate the food pantry at the Old Parish Church.

Please call me at 528-0577 or email me at laurypstein@gmail.com if you would like to participate in our local efforts to share the fresh food we grow with people who aren't lucky enough to be able to grow their own.

I look forward to hearing from the many generous gardeners in Monterey and hope we'll be able to make substantial deliveries to Old Parish throughout August and September.

Thank you for your help with this important project.

— Laury Epstein



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Elizabeth Goodman, Pastor

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Library Notes

First—a huge thank-you to all who helped make our annual book sale a huge success. Those who donated books helped, but a special thanks to those who helped carry the books from and back into the basement. We fund many of our extra programs with the money raised.

We have a lot going on in August in the library. First, on Saturday August 2, at 10:30, Sue Cain will entertain the kids and teach them a craft. We really appreciate our volunteers who help out with the kids on Saturday mornings.

On Saturday, August 9, we have a double treat. At 10:00 a.m. we will formally kick off our Read with Moxie program. See the article on p. 13 of this issue of the *News*. Barbara Wolf-Dorlester has trained Moxie extensively—children will get in great reading practice with Moxie. Moxie has already patiently watched several kids read—come at 10 a.m. and see how the read-with-a-dog program works.

At 10:30 that same morning, Mary Jo Maichack will entertain children of all ages with songs and stories in a repeat performance from last year. Mary Jo loves to come to Monterey, and this will be the last of our summer programs for children on Saturdays—so come and join in the fun. We should thank the Library Trustees



Will Marsh

Looking for treasure at the library book sale, July 26.

and the Monterey Cultural Council for supporting this popular programming for the summer.

On Monday, August 11, at 7 p.m. we have a special treat for crossword puzzle lovers! Michelle Arnot, who has written *What's Gnu: a History of the Crossword Puzzle*, and *Crossword Puzzles for Dummies*, as well as the just published *Four Letter Words*, will speak on crossword puzzles and teach us all a little something about how to solve them.

Our final program for August will be Monday, August 18, at 7 p.m. Poets of all ages are invited to come and share their

work. Our Poetry Slam last spring was very popular, and we hope to get some of those poets back to share their hard work. For those of you who didn't feel comfortable competing, please come and share in an informal, relaxed atmosphere.

Finally, we need to especially thank the Library Trustees for our new sign to remind everyone of our events. We also need to thank especially Denise Andrus and her daughter Lauren, who come in every week and volunteer their time in creating the masterpieces that spread the word about our programs.

— Mark Makuc, Library Director

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Toby Frank

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CET Wind Energy Tours

The Center for Ecological Technology (CET) has announced the 2008 annual schedule of tours of Green Mountain Power Corporation's renewable energy wind facility in nearby Searsburg, Vermont, and the new Zephyr wind energy turbine at Jiminy Peak Mountain Resort in Hancock, Massachusetts.

The wind energy facility located on Searsburg Mountain was the one of the first commercial-scale wind power facilities constructed in the northeast. Since 1997, eleven 550-kilowatt wind turbines have been producing electricity. Tours are led by the Vermont Environmental Research Associates (VERA) and volunteer tour guides. The free guided tours cover topics ranging from selecting the site, public acceptance, how the technology works, wildlife protection, and the potential for wind power in this region.

"This is a unique opportunity to visit a wind energy facility that produces as much as 14 million kilowatt-hours of renewable energy annually. Seeing the turbines up close gives visitors a chance to better understand a clean and locally based method of energy production," said Nancy Nylen, associate director of CET. "The tours also give residents from communities that are considering wind

power a chance to learn and see firsthand what's involved."

During the tours, participants learn about issues that may affect the energy future of the region and enjoy ample opportunity to ask questions. The Searsburg wind facility is only open for tours on a limited basis between July and October due to protection of black bear habitat.

August tours are scheduled for Wednesday, August 6, and Saturday, August 23. Fall tours are planned for Wednesday, September 10; Saturday, September 20; and Wednesday, October 8. Space is limited on each tour. Reservations are accepted on a first-come, first-serve basis by contacting CET at 413-445-4556 ext. 25 or by emailing cynthiag@cetonline.org. Confirmation and directions to the site will be provided.

CET is also helping to coordinate tours of the Jiminy Peak Zephyr turbine in Hancock. This 1.5-megawatt turbine provides approximately 33 percent of Jiminy Peak's annual electrical demands. When Jiminy Peak installed Zephyr they became the first mountain resort in North America to make their own wind power. Tours are scheduled for three Saturdays in August. More tour dates of the Zephyr turbine are scheduled into the fall. The Zephyr tours are \$9 per person and involve a strenuous hike approximately 1/4 of a mile from the top of the Grand Slam chairlift and walking

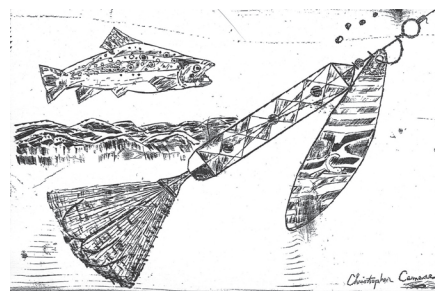
Thanks to Blood Donors

The Board of Health would like to thank everyone who donated at our July 22nd blood drive; we had 44 donors. We'd also like to thank Ashley Backhaus for volunteering her afternoon to work the registration desk. This was such a success that we are looking forward to hosting many more.

— Monterey Board of Health
Stephen Enoch, John Makuc, Robert Anelli, Melissa Noe, Secretary

back down. Reservations are required and may be made by calling 413-738-5500 ext. 3760. For more information visit green.jiminypeak.com.

Support for the renewable energy tours comes from the Massachusetts Renewable Energy Trust. CET is an equal opportunity service provider and is funded in part by the Massachusetts Cultural Council, a state agency.



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Reading Dog Interview

Barbara Wolf-Dorlester has trained her dog Moxie to listen attentively as children read to her. Barbara and Moxie will be available at the Monterey Library at 10 a.m. on Saturday, August 9, for any children who want to read with her. An interview with Moxie follows.

What is your name?

My full name is "She's Got Style-Moxie" but people call me "Moxie."

What kind of dog are you?

I am a Kerry blue terrier. I have hair, not fur, so I am considered to be hypoallergenic. I am black now, but I turn silvery grey as I get older and I have blue skin.

How old are you?

I am 16 months old which is like being a 7 1/2 year old kid, a perfect age to practice my reading!

Why do people call you a therapy dog?

I took a class led by a trainer who works for The Good Dog Foundation to learn how to behave with people who need help, or who are sick and in the hospital, or who live in places where they can't have pets. Barbara, my owner, also had to learn how to behave in these places. She has to make sure I am always well behaved and am clean and healthy.

How does she do that?

She brushes my teeth and brushes my hair. Before every visit, I take a bath.

Do you like it when kids read to you?

I love listening to books. Barbara started to read to me when I was a little puppy and she saw how much I liked it. She also noticed how much I like children. Soon, I'm going to go to a school once a week where a child will read to me. Barbara tells me that children who read to me like it because I don't judge them and they get to become better readers.

So, schools and other places have programs where children read to dogs?

Yes, some schools and libraries all over the United States run these programs. I asked Barbara if we could do it at the Monterey Library and she talked to Mark, the librarian, who said that he would love to give it a try.

What do you like to do when you're not reading?

I love to go to the park and fetch my ball and play with my friends.

How can I read to you at the Monterey Library?

On Saturday morning, August 9th, I will be at the Monterey Library with my friend Owen and his owner, AJ, who has recently read with children at the Richmond Library. We will be there at 10:00



Moxie in action.

a.m. You can call Mark at the library, 528-3795, to get an appointment to read to us, or you can just come by and say hello. On August 30th, I will be back at the Monterey Library and once a month thereafter.

Do I need to bring books?

You can bring your own books, or Barbara and Mark will help you choose some from the library. But, most importantly, just bring yourself! I can't wait to meet you!



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Berkshire Artist Lenny Weber Celebrates 90th Birthday

Thursday night, July 17, was marked by the joyous occasion of celebrating the 90th birthday of Leonard Weber, affectionately known to his many friends as "Lenny." The party was hosted by Dianna and Dennis Downing in their home opposite Weber's Hayloft Gallery on Route 23 in Monterey.

Leonard Weber is well known for his "TownScapes," a technique he invented years ago of capturing an entire city or town in an elongated format, condensing its main buildings and local feature into a watercolor painting. His art adorns many homes and galleries in the Berkshires, Boston, and New York, and his work is especially admired in Japan, where he has often traveled to paint and sell.

Lenny has a remarkable view of life. Slim and trim, with a long white ponytail, he holds philosophical views on life and "the human species"—of which he is somewhat critical, particularly the evils of its male gender. He has a fantastic sense of humor, often displayed in the breathtaking telling of jokes, of all colors. His ever-present smile is infectious.

Many friends gathered to share with Lenny his remarkable birthday, especially



Lenny at 90!

after having recently recuperated from Lyme disease, and having bounced back better than ever. The affection shown by the 70 plus attendees, the wonderful foods of sushi and salads, capped by an artistically crafted birthday cake with the inscription "Love is Eternal" was a tribute to Lenny, his accomplishments as an artist, and his remarkably lovable personality.

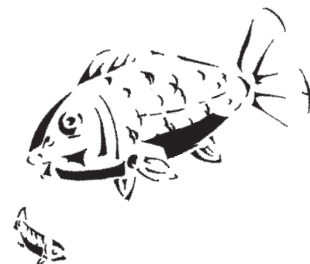
Happy Birthday, Lenny!

— Joan and Ari DeLevie



Otis Arts Festival Set for August 9th

The Otis Cultural Council is hosting the first Otis Arts Festival, featuring 35 local artists (including Otis, Monterey, Sandisfield, Lenox, Stockbridge, Gt. Barrington, et. al) of Berkshire County. The artists represent many forms of media, including oil and watercolor painting, artist-designed jewelry, glass-blown art pieces, wood-carved sculptures, quilts and knitted objects, stained glass, many more. The festival will be held on Saturday, August 9, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. at Farmington River Elementary School, 555 Main Road, Otis. Entertainment will feature Moonshine Holler (indoor music) at 1 p.m., Cindy Paterson, fiddler, Henry the Juggler for the children at 11 a.m. (outdoors), and Ken Packie's chainsaw sculpture demo at 1 p.m. (outdoors). Admission is free. Information: 413 269-0220



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The Swim Test

by Cameron Carnese (age 10)

One hot summer day Brad was on his way to summer camp. When he was in the car with his Mom he was yelling, "Are we there yet?" For the whole ride until they got to the camp. When Brad got to the camp and was looking around, he couldn't believe that he was staying there for one week. Then he noticed that his only best friend, Chester, was already there.

A little while later Brad was just about to go in the shallow end of the pool to swim. Then something caught his eye. A poster a few feet away from him said swim test three days away to get in the deep end of the pool. It was Brad's dream to be in the deep end of the pool, so after he swam in the shallow end he signed up for the test.

The next day Brad was watching Chester take the swim test. Chester was almost done when the Lifeguard said, "Stop, you passed."

"Wow," said Brad jealously, "that was awesome."

"I know," said Chester. "When is it your turn to take the test?"

"In a few days," said Brad.

"I hope you pass," said Chester, "then we can play in the deep end together." Brad did not feel 100 percent sure that he was going to pass the swim test.

The next day came along fast. Brad was watching all of the kids at the camp in the deep end of the pool except himself. He was watching everyone from the edge of the deep end. He felt so jealous that his head was going to explode at everyone in the pool.

Just then the mean kid Tim came up to Brad.

"Why aren't you in the pool, punk?" said Tim.

"I was looking at everyone in the pool," said Brad.

"Well, not anymore, punk," said Tim.

"Well, why not?" said Brad.

"Hmmm, let me think about it, ummmm bu bye."

"AAAAA," Brad tried to get away, but it was no use. Tim picked up Brad with his arms and threw him into the deep end. Brad could not swim in the deep end yet, so he yelled for help. The lifeguard dove in and saved his life.

Then Tim said, "Ha ha, the baby can't swim." Everyone started yelling, "The baby can't swim, the baby can't swim."

Brad ran out of the pool as fast as he could in his bathing suit. A few tears rolled down his face while he ran away from the pool.

Chester was on his way to the pool when he saw Brad running away from it. They bonked into each other. Chester saw

the tears rolling down Brad's face. "I'm never going to pass the test, and if I don't I'll get picked on again."

"Trust me," said Chester. "Trust me, you will pass the test."

The day had come, the day for Brad to try to get into the deep end of the pool.

The lifeguard said that Brad had to do the overhand stroke from the shallow end to the deep end without stopping. Brad was so scared he thought he was going to pass out.

Chester had come to see Brad take his test. "You can do it, Brad," said Chester.

Brad dove into the pool. He was doing the overhand stroke for a full 35 seconds. Then he picked his head up out of the water in the deep end.

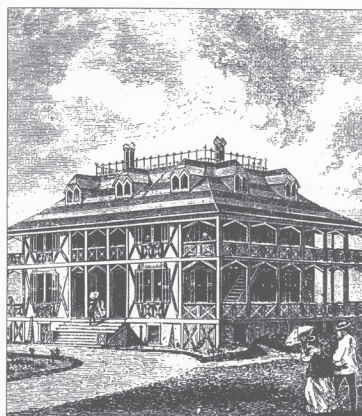
The lifeguard said, "You passed."

Brad screamed out, "Wooo who!" because he passed.

In the locker room, Brad and Chester gave high fives and sang "We're in the deep end, we're in the deep end" for ten minutes. "I can't believe I passed the swim test. Now I can play with Chester in the deep end of the pool. This is the best day of my life," thought Brad.

Later, Brad went back to the pool to swim in the deep end. No one laughed at him because he had passed the swim test.

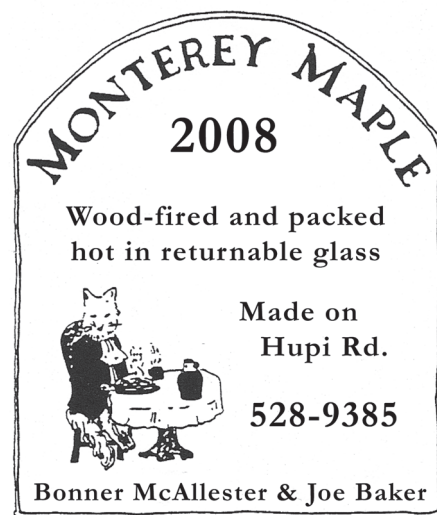
Brad saw Chester in the deep end of the pool. They waved to each other, and Brad jumped into the deep end. His dream had come true. He was in the deep end with Chester, and they were happy to be in the deep end with each other.



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*There's a calm and peaceful stillness
In the early morning hours ...
A quietude known only to a few,
Those who rise before the daybreak
And watch the sun come up
Over mountains and the meadows
Wet with dew.
Where the mist is slowly rising
Along the meadow stream
And here and there a bird begins to sing
...
A calm that lifts one's spirits
As he breathes the country air
With its refreshing fragrance
In the spring.*

*There's a peacefulness in summer
When the smell of new-mown hay
Is wafted on the breezes soft and warm
As the cows from the pasture
Slowly wend their way
Where the bees among the clover linger
long;
And assurance in the rainbow
After sudden summer rain
When its arch of pastel splendor
Spans the sky.
There's a peace here in the country
No city street can claim
When the winds among the pine trees
Softly sigh.*

— Eleanor Kimberley
(1910–2008)

Hornet Sting Haiku

*Hornet sting. Why here?
There, under eave – a big dome –
Ah so, one not home.*

— Will Marsh

Penelope

*She must have had a second loom
to weave her secret life
and counted every wish fulfilled
serene Odysseus' wife.*

*The nights she ripped asunder
her faithful days' disbloom
she must have twisted other threads
in her unthreading room.*

*The warp, her mocked reality
which daylife often seems,
the woof made up of fantasy
and starlit starkissed dreams.*

*The shuttle flew between them
a bright and bobbing dove
weaving the weeks together
'to a gossamer of love.*

*She wrapped herself invisibly
Penelope of old
in cloth of faithful certainty
more radiant than gold.
The tears she shed by day
were jewels in the night
caught in the fabric of her years
for his sometime delight.*

*And when she showed her suitors
the never-growing weft
her smile bespoke his coming
when they would all have left.*

*And he through wave-tossed dangers
escaped a thousand harms
to find the texture of his truth
in her awaiting arms.*

*The first loom on the fire
its last unraveling done
'til into their rosy secret dawn
a rising secret sun.*

*Rough bridegroom in her chamber
sweet-sleeping in her room
under the cover woven
upon the second loom.*

— A. O. Howell

Love is in the Air in the Berkshires

*The birds and the bees are, "Doin' their thing ..."
(Whatever that is),
Because love is in the air ...
(In the Berkshires).*

*A stolen kiss.
Two for free.
One for you,
Then five for me.
Oh, what a beautiful thing!
It's ALL good in the spring.*

*The cool cat (trying to make a little time) says,
"Hey babe, love is in the air ..."*

*In the Berkshires ...
You can blow eighteen bucks on a movie.
Thirty-six, seventy-five for dinner,
Twenty-two, thirty on drinks afterwards ...
And STILL sleep alone.
(At least that's what I've been told).
It just costs more to be rejected in beautiful surroundings.
Or, is it better instead to LIE, in bed, with a woman who
clearly will never love you?*

*In the Berkshires ...
Lovely ladies are looking into the eyes of guise.
And YOU know why.
Love is the furthest thing from their minds;
They want a little somethin' somethin'.
The horizontal hokey-pokey,
Who wants to play a little game of 'hide the sausage'?*

*But ...
Some way,
Somehow,
And some times
There is actually love.*

*Hold on to the love that is spring!
For spring comes and goes each year.
Some years it's late
And others it lingers.
Enjoy it while you?
Or let it slip through your fingers!*

*For some curious reason,
Love is preceded by mud season.
The trampling of snow
Gives our love a place to grow;
A foothold of hope.

It can be nurtured and cultivated,
Or more common – neglected,
Left for compost.
Perhaps to enrich some other season of life.*

*Love is in the AIR!
It soars on the wings of eagles,
And shits on you when least expected.
Does it pierce like the sting of a bee?
Or, like poison ivy leaves lingering itch?*

*In the Berkshires ...
There's fertile ground for your love to grow.
I beg you.
I implore you.
I dare you ...
To FEEL to SAY and to SHOW.*

*While I sit here alone writing this poem,
Love is in the air,
In the Berkshires.
But not for me.
NOT for me.*

— Kent Godfrey



Letter from College Italia

Italy is a magical place, and on my trek through the country over spring break, I came face to face with a few realizations. One, despite the beauty of the northern cities, the rundown state of the southern part of the country divides the two, and rather impressively. It almost makes you realize then and there what city-states meant, way back then. My friend feels that perhaps to an extent some Italians still gravitate toward the city-state mentality. Two, pictures lie, or the lack thereof. The reason most postcards from Naples, or Napoli, are of the coastline is because most other sights would not encourage people to visit. Three, it is humbling to visit places where you do not speak the language, and English is rarely spoken. It is impossible to recount here all of my experiences from those eight days, but it is one of my favorite memories as a whole. There's nothing like independent traveling to make you feel like you're growing up.

Although I knew from my class that Italy is pro-European Union, and considering the benefits they get from being in the EU it is not surprising, I was still surprised by the multitudes of EU flags. Britain just does not have them up, unless you count various embassies. It took me a few minutes to realize what they even represented, and I am slightly ashamed to admit that. It was a nice moment of applying class knowledge to actual experience. In our travels, we made it to quite a few locations in a very short time. I was

surprised at how clean Venice and Rome are, as Italian cities go, and in the spring weather the four of us traveling together were literally romanced by these cities. I would return in a heartbeat. Our stop in Florence was quite short, but it is yet another northern city that boasts such splendid attractions as the Uffizi Art Gallery and the Ponte Vecchio—or covered bridge—both of which we actually got to see in seven hours. That was before we hopped on an early evening train down to Rome.

In Rome, I stayed in my first hostel, where we designated the word “sketchy” to be our Italian word of the week. It seemed appropriate considering the dirty state of the mattresses, the bugs in the shower, and so on. Such were the joys of traveling in Europe, where I got to actually live out of a duffle bag for a week, grunge factor and all. Returning to London and having a whole host of clean clothes was a little like being in a candy shop. We saw the Colosseum, the fields where they used to race chariots, the old Roman forum, and the beautiful Trevi Fountain, to name just a few. In the evening, along with Andy who was our Italian-speaking group member, I figured out the Roman bus system to help us get around the city efficiently; we only had one minor mishap in the whole trip.

We split into two groups after Rome, two to Slovenia while Andy and I went south to Naples. Now this was an experience. For those who have been to Naples, you may already be chuckling. Here are some images for your imagination: dodging between cars that do not stop for red lights, eating at a restaurant that very

well could have been run by the mafia, a motorcycle on the sidewalk honking at pedestrians, and crowds of Italian men who stalk you with their eyes and lurk uncomfortably on the sidewalks selling fake purses (and who run when a police car appears). Andy and I walked from the train station to our hostel in broad daylight, and it was the most nerve-wracking twenty-five minutes of my life. We were clearly tourists, and I was afraid we were going to lose sight of each other in the crowd or get mugged at any minute. We figured out the buses after that. There is not much to see in Naples except for a distinctly famous coastline; Andy and I went so we could go see the ruins at Pompeii, and luckily they were as amazing as we'd imagined. It had always been a dream of mine to go there. Naples also had some of the best food imaginable, and I can proudly say I can polish off an entire Italian pizza.

Andy and I almost missed our train to Bologna, but thanks to sprinting down the platform, we managed to get onto the first car before the doors closed. I am sure I hit people with the duffle bag on that run. After an afternoon walking around Bologna we headed to Andy's study abroad home base in Ferrara—a city where little

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to no English is spoken—and I got a grand tour and more amazing food, and was significantly humbled by my lack of Italian. Spanish had limited to no use at all. I had one day there before I embarked on a journey back to England, which was seven stages and twelve hours long. I was there about eighteen hours, time to eat and repack, before I headed to Heathrow and my 747 to fly home for a few weeks.

It was an amazing trip, one the four of us planned entirely on our own, three from England and one from Italy. We booked hostels, train tickets, and in my case plane tickets. We navigated public transportation in cities and looked after each other. No one got hurt, sick, mugged or anything, we made all of our connections, had all of our reservations go through, and saw what we went to see. Exhaustion set in when I got home, but it was not nearly as prominent as the immense sense of satisfaction and accomplishment. There have been few occurrences in my life thus far that have provided me with such a sense of independence, I will always look back fondly on the memories of that trip; and for those of you who may be concerned about me bouncing around so much from place to place, my parents had a contact number and a very detailed itinerary for the entire trip.

— Tarsi Dunlop

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Dispatches from the Trail

Here's another report from Jeremy Vallianos, who is through-hiking the Pacific Crest Trail this summer.

We're back for another brief taste of civilization, in Old Station, California, staying with the wonderful Heitman family amidst tents, tree houses, and hammocks, nearly 1400 miles into the trail. Not much time to write with a line of folks waiting for the computer, so just a quick little recount of our experiences in the High Sierra.

Walking the mountain peaks and shining snowmelt waters through a world coming to life for another season. Snow giving way to wildflowers and green meadows, clear cold waters with golden trout

drifting the currents, marmots scanning the landscape atop the stones. Silent alpine worlds through the Sequoia and Kings Canyon Park, sliding through the snow-ice, and scrambling boulder channels we crossed the storied passes of the John Muir Trail: Forester, Glen, Pinchot, Mather, and Muir, each with its own beauty and silence, snowbound at the highest points scraping into bright blue skies.

After leaving Kennedy Meadows we headed into the just-burned Clover wildfire, smoldering stumps beside the trail and gray dust ash covering the hillsides. A sunrise scramble up Olancha Mountain was our first high peak at 12,000+ feet. To the south smoke from the fire curling, east a barren desert valley, west the mountains of the Kern Plateau, and north the black snow-capped High Sierra. We spent the summer solstice sitting below Mt. Whitney, beside Timberline and Guitar Lakes, fresh crisp air, surrounded by granite walls. Climbed to the peak the next day with clear morning skies and vivid clouds rolling in as the day passed.

The beauty continued to unfold as we walked through the subalpine forests, huge half-sag foxtail and lodgepole pines, bright red in the sun, somehow rising from the sand and stone slopes. Desolate high lakes frozen and still, and others glistening in the light, valleys carved by rumbling rivers deep below the peaks ... much more beauty and peace than can be put to words. Peace.

— Jeremy



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Dracula and the Panty Hose

Some months ago in these pages ("If the Walls Could Talk ..."), I described the mixed feelings my wife and I had about razing our home on Lake Garfield, the old red cottage filled with wonderful memories, its old pine boards faintly penciled more than a century ago with names of the guests, their stories of storms roiling the lake and the fish they caught. The boards have been preserved and await a special place in our new home, which we hope to occupy in a few weeks time.

The tale of Dracula and the Panty Hose, promised in that article, I now recount. First, a disclaimer: those expecting a racy Gothic tale will be sadly disappointed. Read no further. Cynics, you will find ample grounds for disbelief. Read on and scoff to your heart's content. Environmentalists, it is safe to continue. I promise what follows won't get your dander up.

One of the main reasons we decided to rebuild was the number and variety of varmints we shared the house with. Especially vexing were the bats occupying the wall just behind our headboard. My wife estimated a colony numbering in the hundreds. Unable to sleep, she would lay awake, and once dryly quipped that the chirps and squeals were sounds of courtship and mating. (Male bat: "Hey, haven't

I seen you hanging around this place before?" Female: "Echolocate somewhere else, buster!")

It was late spring of '05, when swallows return to Capistrano and bats to Lake Garfield, that we resolved to suffer no more. First, we asked our cottage caretaker for his advice. With a discouraging wince, Mark Makuc allowed that this was easier said than done. He told us of people who had spent thousands on exterminators, tearing down walls, only to be disappointed with the results. Another person he knew had hired someone with an industrial strength vacuum cleaner, promising him \$10 a bat to clean up his attic. The guy, Mark said, pocketed an easy 'thou' in an hour. (OOPS! I think I just lost the environmentalists. Let's just assume that story is apocryphal.)

Yet another approach came from a good friend and sometime tennis partner, who complained one day of tennis elbow that he had gotten from swatting bats the night before. Far more tolerant than I, he had lived with them nesting high in his cathedral ceiling for quite a while. The détente finally ended with the first splat of guano in his oatmeal. But the tennis racket solution obviously wouldn't work with bats nesting in your wall.

Enter Bob Gauthier. One morning, we happened to mention our tale of woe to him. Tired, bleary-eyed from yet another

sleep-deprived night, Laura asked if he had any suggestions. Bob said that though he had never had a bat problem himself, he had heard somewhere of a solution that sounded ... well, batty. "What you have to do," he said, "is to make sure they can get out but not back in." This meant plugging up all the places of entry and exit except the main one. Given the condition of the cottage, this alone seemed a Sisyphean task. There were holes, spaces, crevices everywhere.

Identifying the main one seemed like guesswork. But Laura said she was sure she knew their favorite entry point. Something had awakened her just before dawn. "I was standing at the window," she said, "and saw one squeezing into the house right by the chimney. Then another followed into the same spot. They were like jets in a holding pattern near LaGuardia." I knew the place she meant: there was a space where the stone chimney abutted the side of the house, near the bedroom wall.

"Good," Bob said. "So first, buy a pair of pantyhose. Then plug up all the holes in the house during the day when they're all inside. Then you cut off the panty hose legs and tape the waistband all around that crack." I still wasn't getting it. "The idea," Bob explained, "is that the bats will be able to fly out from the openings in the legs but they won't be able to fly back in." Aha, I thought, how clever! The spandex would give as they pushed their way out through the legs, but they couldn't squeeze back in. Though I now



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grasped the concept, I was skeptical in the extreme about this whole enterprise

This happened three years ago, so I can't vouch for all that I thought at the time. But I do remember joking, "What color pantyhose?" Which about summed up how much of a chance I gave this scheme. If necessity is the mother of invention, then desperation is the midwife of the impossible long shot. Other than falling off a ladder and breaking my back plugging up a dozen or so obvious holes high up, I had nothing to lose but time and a buck forty-nine for the pantyhose.

The following Sunday, extension ladder at the ready and armed with cans of expandable sealant—the stuff that sticks to everything it touches, especially human hair—I squirted foam wherever I saw an opening. Soon blobs of gooey yellow carbuncles, like out of a Grade B science fiction movie, oozed from the cottage. With just a few spots left to do, I saw that attaching the pantyhose to the chimney and wood siding was impossible. The crack was thin but long, and I would have to cover surfaces at right angles. I decided to fill that space and pantyhose a silver dollar-sized hole just under the eave. It wasn't as close to the bedroom as the LaGuardia runway was, but it was near enough so that a hungry critter could find it. I was betting on just one smarty-bat to lead the squadron on its crepuscular mission, out of the cottage and into the insect-rich night air.

Affixing the pantyhose to the one remaining point of entry was pretty easy. A couple of thumbtacks to hold it in place and duct tape to secure the perimeter (a muted brown to accent the mauve tones of the pantyhose). But the sight of the pantyhose dangling from the corner of the house just below the roof was really bizarre. Our adorable red cottage, with yellow blobs popping out everywhere and pantyhose flapping in the breeze, wasn't going to make the cover of *Berkshire Living*.

I didn't relish the thought of having to explain what was dangling there. Each visitor to the cottage would ask what the heck it was! I was prepared to say it was a talisman to ward off Dracula. "Okay, but what *is* it?" they'd insist. I'd fess up that it was pantyhose and give a short account of what it was supposed to do.

But I was willing to put up with having to explain it all if, miracle of miracles, the hare-brained idea actually worked. Since I knew it was hopeless to think I had blocked every conceivable entry point, I thought the most likely outcome would be that nothing would change at all. Bats, I was informed early on in this war, can squeeze through a space as small as a quarter of an inch. Less likely, but still of concern, was the possibility that some bats wouldn't find their way out. They would die, immured and amouldering, bequeathing us 'essence of dead bat' to remember them by.

But the true nightmare scenario was that instead of flying out, the bats would

"escape" into the house. Conceivably, we could return on the following Friday to find bats in every room. Some dead, some flying, others hanging in places, unseen. Google "bat bites" and you'll find cautions about bats that make them sound as dangerous as handling plutonium. I couldn't imagine a peaceful night's sleep in the cottage were this to happen. We'd have to burn it down.

The work done, we returned to Brooklyn, anxious about what we would find upon our return the following Friday. On the drive back to the Berkshires, I dropped Laura off with a friend in Sheffield and drove on to the cottage.

It was late afternoon when I arrived. Standing at the large kitchen window, peering inside, I could see only that nothing was flying around. Now the moment of truth had come. Armed with flashlight and sneakers (first rule of warfare: always have an exit strategy), I opened the door and hesitantly stepped inside. Before going further, I scanned the room with the flashlight. Walls, corners.... nothing there. Screwing up my courage, I walked slowly toward the living room. Again, stopping at the threshold, I shined the light all around and gingerly made my way into

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the room. The dark pine walls were dotted with scores of knots, each one, in my state of mind, bats until proven otherwise. A classic case of “believing is seeing!” But I found none.

Same with the downstairs bedroom. Clean. Next, up the stairs into enemy territory. Cautiously ascending, looking high on the walls of the stairwell and hall, I still saw no sign of bats. Nothing flying, dying, or hanging. Feeling a bit more confident now, I checked out the guest bedroom, then the bath, and finally our bedroom. NOTHING!

I quickly rechecked each room just to make sure, and then called Laura with the good news.

But it was not yet close to dusk, and they might be happily resting, waiting for the nighttime hunt. The real test would come that night. After dinner in GB, we came back to the cottage by late evening. The next couple of hours were an emotional seesaw of fear, hope, and doubt. Then, bedtime. Upstairs now, quietly padding around, alert to every sound, we finally lay down for the night.

I’m one of those lucky people who is usually asleep by the time his head hits the pillow. Laura, not so. That night we lay awake together for quite some time, sharing the tense quiet. So far, so good we thought, knowing full well that any self-respecting—and hungry—bat would most likely be outside. But the longer we heard nothing from the wall just inches from our heads, the more hopeful we grew.

That night passed in uninterrupted, silent sleep. Ah, blessed arms of Morpheus! Bravo, Bob Gauthier! Praised be pantyhose! Beyond our most far-fetched expectations, our talisman worked like a charm. That entire summer we heard not a peep.

Astoundingly, it worked through the summer of ’06 too. Sadly, I must add that in the spring of ’07, swallows returned to Capistrano and bats to our bedroom. Maybe an evolved species of the critters learned to wriggle their way up the pantyhose. Most likely, they found another runway in and out. By this time, Laura and I were ready to say goodbye to the old red cottage and build a new house. But that’s another story.

— Bob Cutick

A Religious Experience

It had been a routine day in the office. No one was in labor, I had no surgeries scheduled, and the last of my prenatal patients was waiting to be seen.

When I entered the exam room, “Ruth” favored me with her big smile. As always, her disposition was sunny. Through the many years that she had been my patient, I had never known her to utter a single complaint. As usual, we exchanged pleasantries. I asked about her children. She asked about mine. Needless to say, she was one of my favorites.

After our chitchat I did a routine examination. The baby was head first, the heartbeat was strong, and all of Ruth’s vital signs and lab studies were normal. I asked her to make a one-week appointment and to stay close to home in case she went into labor. We were about to say our goodbyes when a shadow of uncertainty fell across her features.

“Dr. Shifrin,” she began cautiously, “before you leave, do you think I could ask you for a favor?”

“Sure, Ruth,” I said. “What can I do for you?”

“Well,” she began, “first I just want you to know ... I’ve always loved the Jewish people.”

My antennae went up. As much as I liked Ruth, this phrase was often followed by some sort of offensive criticism.

“Yes?” I answered guardedly.

“Well, I know I’m having a boy, and I’m planning to have him circumcised.”

“Okay ...”

“And I think I’d like to have a ritual circumcision.”

“Really?” I answered. “Well, uh, how do you mean?”

“You know, like your people do.”

“You want a Jewish ceremony? With a *mohel* and all that?”

“No, we’re Pentecostals, so I’d want my minister to be there, and to have our own religious ceremony. Something like the Jewish one, but I’d like a doctor to do the circumcision ... actually, I’d like you to do it.”

“Well, that’s no problem,” I said, “but if you want to follow the guidelines, it’s supposed to be on the eighth day of the baby’s life.”

“Right. My friend invited me to her son’s *bris* and I learned about it from her. And since I definitely want my son to be circumcised, I thought it would be nice to make it a meaningful occasion.”

“So your minister will conduct the service but you want me to do the circumcision?”

“That’s right. We can come here to your office if that’s okay.”

“Sure, but what if day eight’s on a weekend when I’m away, or if I’m tied up somewhere else?”

“I’ve thought of that,” she said. “I’ll take my chances.”

Ruth’s timing turned out to be perfect. She delivered on a Tuesday, the ceremony was scheduled for the following week, and I had no conflicts. She showed up with her infant son, her husband, her minister, and both sets of grandparents, everyone dressed in their Sunday best. Counting the baby, myself, and a nurse, that made ten individuals trying to squeeze into a standard-sized exam room. It was tight, but

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with a little imagination and good humor we managed to work it out.

Ruth took special pride in presenting the Reverend Jonathan Booker. The Reverend's physical image was typical gentleman-of-the-cloth: placid countenance, wire-rimmed glasses, graying at the temples. But it soon became clear that this reserved appearance was at odds with his personality. We had barely finished shaking hands when he abruptly took control, brusquely informing me that he had thoroughly studied the ritual of circumcision and would let me know when I was needed. Had I not been so dumbfounded, I might have offered a sarcastic retort, probably something I would be sorry for later, but fortunately I managed to keep my thoughts to myself.

The ceremony started innocently enough. The baby's father came forward, caught up in the moment and struggling to control his emotions. He swallowed hard, placed his hands over his newborn son's head, and began with a shaky voice.

"May the Lord bless you and keep you. May He build a fence of thorns around you to protect you from evil ..."

He went on to conclude his benediction, forced to stop twice to gather himself, and then, his eyes brimming, choked through a heartfelt prayer of thanksgiving. The episode was brief but deeply moving, so much so that I envisioned the birth of a new ritual: the Christian version of the Jewish *bris* ceremony.

Then it was Reverend Booker's turn. In contrast to the father's subdued demeanor, the Reverend entered with the aplomb of a celebrity. Taking center stage, he began

by bowing his head and speaking ever so softly, instantly commanding everyone's full attention. He took his time, artfully modulating his voice while his intensity steadily rose, turning at critical moments to lock his gaze on various members of the tiny congregation. This man knew how to hold an audience. Normally I would have dismissed his tent preaching style as hokum, but I had to admit I was getting caught up in his performance.

Then, at the perfect moment, he turned his palms upward, manipulated his voice into a mesmerizing crescendo, and suddenly fell into a dramatic silence.

No one breathed. With all eyes fixed on him, he threw his head backwards and flung out his arms, beads of sweat now appearing on his brow.

Startled, I stepped back and caught sight of Ruth and her entourage. Clearly they were inflamed. All of them looked like they were ready to jump out of their skins and start speaking in tongues.

I exchanged glances with the nurse. From her wide-eyed expression I could see that she had the same reaction as mine. These people were holy rollers! And they were about to erupt in the middle of my office! For a moment I seriously considered making a dash for the door, then holding it shut from the outside while they all bounced off the walls.

But soon, to my immense relief, the Reverend contained himself, slowly closing his arms around his body and finishing in a pious hush. After allowing for a moment of recovery he turned to me with a serene countenance and swept out his right hand with a flourish.

"You may proceed, Doctor."

During the circumcision the Reverend had seated himself in the middle of the room, standing briefly while I placed a clamp inside the foreskin, then quickly sitting down again when a drop of blood appeared. As I was nearing completion, I caught sight of him rocking back and forth on the edge of his chair, staring trancelike into middle distance.

Uh-oh, I thought. This guy's ready to go off into another frenzy. But when I finished I looked at him more carefully. The smug demeanor was gone. He was white as a sheet and perspiration had soaked through his shirt. My mind went through a quick differential diagnosis, coronary artery disease at the top of the list. I went into resuscitation mode, anticipating the possibility of a cardiac arrest.

"Reverend?" I asked solicitously. "Are you okay?"

He looked up, clearly embarrassed and mopping his brow with one hand while fanning himself with the other. Close to retching, he croaked out his answer.

"I guess I didn't know what to expect," he gasped. "I've never seen one of these things in person before!"

— David Shiffrin



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The Blue Car

Folks are running for office in the USA promising us change. I'm not so sure this is a good slogan or even a good thing, but candidates go for it every time, as if we are all so miserable with our lives as they are, and have been, that we will jump into unknown and deep water in the hopes it will be a better thing. As in: anything would be better than this!

As animals we have a natural fear of change. I call it "The Blue Car Syndrome," in fond memory of a skittish mare we had here once. We used to ride through the woods up an old driveway past a usually vacant house to a loop route home again. We knew the people who owned the house and they said we could ride by.

One time in late spring we were plodding up the hill as usual and all of a sudden this mare went into high alert, and then rapid exit. She was scared for her life, and with good reason: something had changed. There was, for the first time, a blue car parked in the driveway.

Sometimes, in situations like this, you just have to react. It can save your life. If you stop to reason it out (never a strong point with this mare, also some people I can think of), you'll be dead horsemeat long before you make sense of the change.

When we finally got calmed down, that day in the woods, we had a new "family saying," useful whenever any of us exhibited surprise or wariness over something unexpected in familiar surroundings. "Oooh," we'd say with a smile, "a Blue Car...!"

As with most jokes or teasings, the reason this is so useful is that we recognize it, we know it deep inside where our horse-type fears reside. Neither we nor the mare got to where we are in the gene pool



without the life-saving instinct to run from the unknown. The problem for us sentient H. sapiens, though, is how to turn this instinct off sometimes, like when we know a change would be a good thing.

Let's think about cars. I grew up in big ones, back in the day of cheap gas and carbon-ignorance. When I got old enough to buy my own first car, I stuck to the familiar and climbed into a 1966 VW bus, just like the ones I'd always known.

I didn't mind riding in other kinds of cars, really, but somehow I felt better, safer, and more like myself in the kind I'd always known. This is how that horse felt plodding up the same old path, until one day someone turned her world upside down. She did what she had to do and we all survived by the skin of our teeth.

Being so sapiens, I have managed to take a new path with cars. It has gone against the grain, but I know it is better. I have a small car now and I smile bravely as the big cars go towering by me. I think, "Yes, I know how you feel. I used to ride way up there myself." I used to smoke, too, like my mom. I don't even want to think what I used to do, and what my ancestors used to do. I am working to better my ways and I hope some day to ditch cars altogether, also racism, war, plastic, the two-party system, and ignorance.

Losing these familiars will be rough, and I know something new will have to take the place of each of them, something I can only dream of right now. It takes a special kind of Homo visionariensis to go for these intangibles: electric cars, public transportation, equality, birch-bark, and the popular vote. The only one I have managed so far has been the birch-bark. I have been using it in the garden to make cutworm collars,

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to keep the plastic linings of the old Dixie cups (that I used to use) out of my life and my food chain.

Just to show how far I have to go, what a skittish mare I still am, I confess that I recently was going along my familiar path and looked out in the woods casting about for the reassuring and familiar. I spotted something big and white out there and had a reaction.

"The world is going to pieces! Just look at that disposable diaper out there, or MacDonald's bag, or whatever it is. Who could toss garbage in these precious and familiar woods?" Like the mare, I'll bolt and run at a thing like this.

Then maybe later I'll sidle up for another look at the offending substance, and discover it is ... you guessed it. A big piece of birch-bark that has drifted naturally and harmlessly to the forest floor. Oh, well. Can't be too careful, I say, and so says the mare. But the next time she went up that path and the car was there again, she was fine with it. She did not hang onto her fears, and I hope to do as well. We don't have horses here anymore, but that mare is out there in the family chorus. When I react without thinking she smiles and says, "Ooooh! A Blue Car...!"

— Bonner J. McAllester
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Music & More, a lively and varied cultural series based at the Meeting House in New Marlborough begins its 17th season in August. The first two events are a "Berkshire Writers' Free-for-All" and a showing of *The Phantom of the Opera*, a groundbreaking silent film classic with piano accompaniment by Ben Model, silent film pianist with New York City's Museum of Modern Art.

The "Berkshire Writers' Free-for-All" is on August 9 at 4:30 p.m., hosted by author and editor Jon Swan. His guests include the Berkshires favorite Joan Ackermann, playwright, journalist, screenwriter and Artistic Director of Mixed Company Theater in Great Barrington. Along with Ms. Ackermann are Peter Kane Dufault, Charlie Parton, Dory Previn, Helen Klein Ross, Sanjiban Sellow, and Samantha Twing. This annual literary event is free of charge and has proved to be an audience favorite. A reception will follow in the Meeting House Art Gallery.

The Phantom of the Opera, starring Lon Chaney, will be shown on Saturday, August 23, at 8:00 p.m. Pianist Ben Modell will recreate the experience of seeing this 1925 film in its original form, when showings were accompanied by live music. Mr. Modell was co-curator of MoMA's



acclaimed Fatty Arbuckle retrospective and has accompanied "silents" around the country. This iconic film comes with free popcorn and will be enjoyable for viewers of all ages.

For a full list of Music & More events, including appearances this year by the Shanghai Quartet and Korean-born pianist Jung-Ja Kim, call 413-229-2785 or visit www.newmarlborough.org online.

The Meeting House is on Route 57, nine miles east of Great Barrington, on New Marlborough's Village Green.

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Gardening in the Dog Days

Compared to perfecting the art of the afternoon nap, the August garden really is too much work. I admit there is that moment right about now when I walk outside and the flowers take my breath away. That's my definition of a peak in the season. But given the choice, I generally wish my garden would have learned to take care of itself by now. This is when I start to pay a lot more attention to garden magazine articles with titles like "Plants That Thrive on Shameless Neglect." Unfortunately, with such plants, the subtitle often should be "Plants That Plan to Take Over Your Garden by This Time Next Year." There must be an easier way to have a beautiful display during the dog days, and indeed there are a few things that can be done to make the fun last when the hammock beckons.

First up, there is mulch. This is a great time to check around the garden to see if the mulch is holding up. If you are like me, you probably crowded the flowerbeds with lots of little annuals and transplants in the spring. They looked like they would never fill up the space at the time, didn't they? As the season progresses, some plants start to win out over the others, and the victims must be moved. That's when my mulch gets all mixed up with the soil again. The weeds love this annual ritual, but I could make life a lot easier by adding mulch wherever necessary. Two inches or so should be plenty. Besides protecting

against weeds, the added cover will help keep the garden bed from drying out on hot August days.

Of course, there is the matter of water. This June felt like the wettest one on record, and it certainly led me to think that watering chores were a thing of the past. But, bearing in mind that we live in the Berkshires, the weather has now changed utterly. There is a pretty serious temptation to go out there and water every day. That actually doesn't help the plants very much, not to mention interfering with my nap schedule. Here's a better idea: Water twice a week at most for an hour or even two instead of the short watering sessions each day. Watering deeply encourages the plants to grow deep roots, which will help sustain them during dry periods. Watering briefly barely wets the surface of the soil. The plants respond to this by developing very shallow roots, which makes them much more vulnerable in times of drought. By the way, this is true of so-called drought-tolerant plants as well. Plants that tolerate drought by nature usually can do so because they have deep roots. They still need regular watering in the first year of planting, however, in order to get established. After that they can handle a good deal more abuse.

On top of everything there is inefficient watering, and then there is efficient watering. Although I do absolutely turn

to a regular sprinkler in the middle of the day in times of desperation, this is the easiest way to waste the most water. In bright sunlight over 60 percent of the water evaporates before it even hits the ground. It's much better to use a soaker hose or perforated tape hose, or stand there and spot water when necessary. I buried soaker hoses all over my garden years ago, but they're all gone now. Before too long I had punctured them all with a shovel, and it wasn't much fun trying to dig each one up to find out where the offending gash was. And I never did have much confidence that the water was getting to the end of the hose. These days I prefer a perforated tape type of hose lying on top of the ground wherever possible. And, of course, I want plants that can survive some dry spells. Native plants or varieties related to native plants are the best bets. I try to stay away from exotic plants that originally came from wet tropical climes. They may be beautiful but they are prima donnas that need too much attention when they are so far away from home.

How much water is enough? The flower and vegetable gardens each need about one inch per week. An inexpensive rain gauge helps a lot to monitor rainfall and know when it's time to act. Watering early in the day will benefit the garden more than late in the day. Those creepy little slugs just love a wet garden at night,

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AUG 23, 8:00 PM • PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, 1925 silent film starring Lon Chaney with live music by Ben Model, silent film pianist for New York's MOMA. Step back in time, see the film as it was originally intended. **FREE POPCORN!**

SEPT 6, 4:30 PM • PIANIST JUNG-JA KIM performs Beethoven, Chopin, Brahms, Rachmaninoff and Ravel. One of Korea's foremost concert artists, she has received kudos for her recordings of Mozart, Chopin concerti, Rachmaninoff complete preludes and Ravel complete solo piano music. Berkshire debut.



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and so do mildews and other fungi. Better to give the leaves some time to dry out before evening temperatures drop.

Okay, so we've got the mulching and the watering down. Now what about the plants? There are some plants that will survive August without either looking accusingly miserable or running wild through the flowerbeds forever after. In a sunny border, the steel-blue flowers of sea holly (*Eryngium*) and hyssop (*Agastache* 'Blue Fortune') seem to last forever. An agastache variety called 'Desert Sunrise' blooms red-orange for a bright contrast. Mexican hat (*Ratibida pinnata*) grows to at least four feet and sports big yellow drooping daisy-like flowers that look great and last for weeks. Butterfly weed (*Asclepias incarnata*) is usually considered a damp garden plant but there is one variety, 'Ice Ballet,' which can take dry weather in stride. You'll have all the Monarch butterflies you ever wanted if you plant 'Ice Ballet,' and it's great fun pointing out those amazing caterpillars to the nephews and nieces. Gayfeather (*Liatis spicata*) sends up its purple spikes just about now. And, familiar or not, black-eyed Susans, sedums, and Russian sage just make the August garden sing. Don't forget lavenders, even if they don't always come back next year, and anemones. A stand of white or light pink anemones in late August is a wonderful sight. And I don't even like pink!

In the annuals department, bright blue love-in-a-mist flowers (*Nigella damascena*) look gorgeous in bloom and



Glynis Oliver

are still attractive when they develop their purplish seedpods. Nigellas are hard to transplant but easy to grow from seed, and they will self-seed next year. Another great self-seeder is talinum, which some inventive admirer named 'Jewel of Opar.' It's a beauty, with lime-green leaves and tiny pink flowers that turn into little ruby-red seed pods. 'Jewel of Opar' looks fantastic at the front of the border and you'll see it next year, too. Once they are established, portulacas can really spice up the front border with colors like 'mango' and 'tangerine.' They're a little fussier than some, though, since they require frequent deadheading. For the back of the border, African verbena (*Verbena bonariensis*) is a must-have. Its tall wiry stems with small purple flower

heads blend in with everything. And then there are the annual salvias, especially 'Indigo Spires.' These salvias challenge the patience of the most loyal fan every year (me) but spring into action in August with beautiful long sprays of impossibly intense blue. Hooked again.

Admittedly I love self-seeders for the most part. The serendipitous way they show up next year makes my garden look natural instead of contrived, and if the surprise plants get a little out of hand I can always rip them right out. The plants that spread by underground runners, like the mints, obedient plant (*Physostegia*) and gooseneck loosestrife (*Lysimachia clethroides*) are the bad guys in my book and to be avoided like the plague. The

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Monterey Musicians at Sandisfield Arts Center

Bottom of the Bucket

Saturday, August 16, 8 p.m.

Monterey-based Bottom of the Bucket combines Traditional Irish, Old Time, New England, and French Canadian music with their own eclectic, original sound. Coming from very different musical backgrounds, the band's members, Eric Martin, Stephen Enoch, and Daniel Garrigan-Byerly, met while working at Gould Farm when they joined the fiddle, guitar, djembe, and mandolin to create their unique and expanding repertoire. The addition of viola, banjo, bouzouki, penny whistle, feet, and hand percussions has given the group an interesting sound for both concerts and contra dances. The band has taken the stage at Club Helsinki, The Lion's Den, the Buhrmaster Barn Dance, the annual Dance Flurry, the Eighth Step Dance in Albany, and countless living rooms and porches. For the past few years, they have kept dancers moving at the Lenox Contra Dance Series. Admission is \$10.

Common Thread

Saturday, August 23, 8 p.m.

Common Thread is a new trio of musicians from Monterey who love to sing (three-part harmony is their specialty) and play traditional and contemporary folk music. Guitar, fiddle, and voice meld into a uniquely warm and captivating sound. John Sellew has been entertaining audiences for many years playing with contra dance bands, performing solo, and collaborating with other folk musicians in the Berkshires. Jamie Vlcek has also been on the local music scene for a long time. She was an original member of the Berkshire Bach Society, a partner in the duo Eclectic Folk, and one of the The Sweet Sisters of Mercy with Vicki True. Eric Martin, a classically trained violinist, violist, and vocalist, is a member of the contra dance bands Bottom of the Bucket and The Flying Garbanzos as well as a backup musician for various singer-songwriters. Admission is \$10.

Please call 413-258-4100 or email info@sandisfieldartscenter.org for reservations and information.

only exception I'll make is for the mildew-resistant bee balms (*Monarda*) like 'Jacob Cline' and 'Blue Stocking.'

The shade garden has its stars in August, too. black snake-root, which should never have been given such a creepy name, is in fact a beautiful three-to-five foot tall plant with light green foliage and a long spray of tiny white beadlike flowers. The scent is intoxicating. Years of hybridizing this native have produced varieties with exquisite burgundy foliage, like 'Hillside Black Beauty' and 'Brunette.' Worth every penny. Siberian bugloss (*Brunnera*), especially the cream and white variety called 'Jack Frost,' still looks great this time of year even though the flowers are gone. And my favorite fern, maidenhair (*Adiantum pedatum*), seems to come into its own right about now with its delicate green fronds in two-foot-high mounds.

Last but certainly not least are the shrubs. Flowering shrubs could easily be the main ingredient for a low-maintenance garden that still looks beautiful. Bush honeysuckle, which is not honeysuckle at all but Diervilla, just started opening its yellow flower heads around here. The butterflies will follow. Blue-mist shrub (*Caryopteris*) has light blue flowers in August and a delicate scent. It may come back for years and then die for no reason at all, but it is relatively inexpensive as shrubs go and worth the trouble. The same thing can be said for butterfly bush

(*Buddleia*), which is available with purple, blue, white, or yellow flowers. It does need deadheading regularly though, or it will soon be covered with brown flowers. I also love the hydrangeas, especially the cone-shaped Tardiva, and the blue Rose-of-Sharon (*Hibiscus syriacus*).

Oh no – almost forgot the lilies! Not the day lilies, which are lovely but have the most infernal foliage (it starts to die before the plant even flowers, and seems to have an endless bad hair day). For me it's the big trumpet lilies that are the real knockouts. They can grow anywhere from two to four to even six feet tall, with six- and even eight-inch long drooping flowers that curl at the ends. The colors range from white to orange to deep yellow, or pink, with a different color shade on the outside of the petal. And the fragrance! All right, that's probably enough adoration. There is a new pest attacking lilies called the Asian lily-leaf beetle. This despicable little creature can strip a lily in a day, but in my gardens it seems to be leaving the trumpet lilies entirely alone. May it ever be so, because the trumpets are truly a gift of nature.

Asleep yet? You know what they say—take your plans for the garden and cut them in half, and you may actually have some free time. Better yet, plant some flowers and shrubs that don't need constant attention in August and you can have your garden and your rest period too.

— Ruth Green

Hatchery Lobsterfest 08 (A Landmark Celebration)

The Berkshire Hatchery Foundation Board Of Directors, John P. Doelman, President, and Alan J. Salamon, Chair of Fundraising, have set the date for Lobsterfest 08 as Sunday, August 24, from 2 to 4 p.m. Tickets for the festive annual event are \$65, which includes a lobster dinner, raw clam bar, corn on the cob, salad, watermelon, and a free drink. Tickets must be purchased in advance (call 413-528-9761), and when you come, River Road is closed before the Hatchery driveway, so take Hatchery Road from Hartsville into our parking lot!

This year's event celebrates the sixth year of the revival of this historic landmark, often called a miracle in the Berkshires, a year that has marked another milestone in progressive achievements and improvements. Two years ago, thanks to some critical networking by board members Stanley Ross and Kyp Wasiuk at the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Regional Headquarters in South Hadley, Massachusetts, a pivotal Memorandum of Understanding was signed with Marvin Moriarty establishing a mutual working blueprint to insure the Hatchery future, and guests at that year's Fest celebrated the crowning moment with a gourmet dinner.

The following spring, some 20,000



Atlantic salmon eggs arrived from our newly acquired partner, the U.S. Pittsford Fish Hatchery in Vermont. Under the daily care of Leroy Thorpe, John Doelman, and Phil Gunzinger in the Kelt (hatch) House, the eggs hatched and the young salmon thrived through the smolt stage of development. This spring they were released into the Westfield and Farmington Rivers to begin their two-year migratory journey down the rivers and up the coast

near Greenland, then finding their way home again to spawn and close the circle of reproduction.

The hatch house has also become home to four different species of trout: brook, lake, rainbow, and brown. It might be said that their successful growth may be due to something in the water, provided by a gravity feed system gushing 150 gallons a minute, almost eight million gallons a year, at about 42 degrees year-round, out of artesian wells from an aquifer far underground.

This year's event will be no less pivotal, with the arrival of a fulltime U.S. Fish and Wildlife employee on board, Carrie Hoover from Blue Ridge Summit, Pennsylvania, who fills a biotech position with strong experience gained with Alaska Fish and Game at the Kodiak National Wildlife Refuge. Come and join in on the fun, enjoy a great meal, and we may even let you feed the fish!

— George Emmons

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Remembering Sharon Steinberg

Sharon Bernice Steinberg, nee Yusba, aged 61, passed away in Hartford, CT, on December 23, 2007, after a long battle with cancer. She is survived by her mother, Hannah Yusba of Brooklyn, NY; her son, Casey Steinberg of Amherst, MA; and her sister, Roberta Yusba of San Francisco, CA.

Born in Brooklyn, NY, Sharon lived on Art School Road in Monterey and ran Stone Mountain Workshop with Alan Steinberg. She also lived in West Hartford, CT, before moving to Bloomfield, CT.

Sharon was passionate about her research work at the Connecticut Historical Society, teaching literature classes at Tunxis Community College, her book groups, and her artistic pursuits. Those who knew her will always carry her energy, attitude, drive for knowledge, and generosity. Her beautiful spirit will live on in hearts and she will be dearly missed. Sharon had a talent for recognizing the significance, beauty, and meaning of the things that crossed her path. She was a great lover of books and social history, and her walls of books attest to this.

The family thanks her loving friends who supported her through the trying times of her illness. Memorial donations may be made to CHS, Wintonbury Historical Society, or a cancer foundation of your choice.



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Remembering Eleanor Kimberley

Eleanor Kimberley, 97, of Sandisfield, died Sunday, July 20, 2008, at Fairview Hospital. She was born in Monterey on September 20, 1910, the daughter of Noel and Hattie Spencer-Hart.

Eleanor was a member of the Monterey United Church of Christ (Congregational) and former Christian Endeavor Society. She was also a member of the Monterey Grange, and a former member of Berkshire South Pomona Grange. She was active in 4-H Club work and a member of the calf club, sewing club, garden, canning, and room-improvement clubs. Later she led younger girls in 4-H sewing and canning projects. She was a member of the Audubon Society, American Poetry Society, the Great Barrington and Berkshire Museum Camera Clubs, the Click Chicks East, and the Photographic Society of America.

At one time Eleanor was the oldest participant in the Annual Walk for the Homeless. She taught Sunday School in Monterey and was den mother for Cub Scouts in Otis. She worked at Tassone's Photography Studio in Great Barrington for several years. She loved nature, enjoyed photographing it, and took a home-study course in coloring photographs. She also wrote poems, many of which were published in a number of places. Her poems and photographs frequently appeared in the *Monterey News*.

Eleanor leaves two sons, Robert of West Otis, and Ronald of Sandisfield, seven grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren. Her husband, Claude B. Kimberley, died in 1992.

Contributors

We thank the following folks for their recent contributions.

Steven Aronson
Judith Greenwald & Robin Fried
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Seeking Avalon School Stories

To the Editor:

A year ago we became the newest stewards of the Corashire schoolhouse on Main Road, also know as the Avalon School. We are very excited to be a part of the wonderful community of Monterey. Many of you have shared stories of your own experiences there or experiences of family members while attending the school. We would welcome the opportunity to hear more. Also, if you have any pictures you are willing to share, we'd love to see them too. You can contact us at paulasharris@hotmail.com or via mail at 222 Main Road, Monterey, MA 02145.

— Paula and Bill Harris

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Calendar

Saturday, August 2:

Friends of Lake Garfield meeting, 9:30 a.m., Monterey Firehouse.

Early Farm and Garden Tools exhibit created by Caretaker Chris Caccamo opens at Bidwell House:.

Crafts and stories for children, with Sue Cain, 10:30 a.m., Monterey Library.

Annual Square Dance, Otis Firehouse Park, 7p.m. Caller Cliff Brodeur, music by Housatonic Philharmonic.

Saturday, August 9:

"A Tale of Eight Gardens in Monterey," First Annual Monterey Garden Tour, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.; gardening lecture by Ruth Green at 1 p.m. Picnic lunch available at Bidwell House from noon to 1 p.m. Garden Tour: \$15 per person; \$25 for two; picnic lunch: \$10. See p. 8.

Children can read with Moxie (a dog) at Monterey Library, 10 a.m. See p. 13.

Mary Jo Maichack will entertain children of all ages with songs and stories, 10:30 Monterey Library.

Otis Arts Festival, 9 a.m.–4 p.m., Farmington River Elementary School, 555 Main Road, Otis. See p. 14.

Berkshire Writers Free-for-All, 4:30 p.m., New Marlborough Meeting House, Route 57. Free, see p. 25.

Annual Country Fair at Christ Episcopal Trinity Lutheran Church, 10 a.m.–4 p.m., corner of Route 7 and Maple Street, Sheffield.

Monday, August 11: Author Michelle Arnot will speak on crossword puzzles, 7 p.m., Monterey Library. See p. 11.

Thursday, August 14: Free Blood Pressure Clinic, 2 p.m., Town Hall.

Saturday, August 16:

Ikebana Flower Arranging, 10:30 a.m.–

The Observer

June 26–July 25

High temp. (7/18).....85°
 Low temp. (7/11).....52°
 Avg. high temp.....77.9°
 Avg. low temp.....58.9°
 Avg. temp.....68.4°
 Total rainfall.....4.75 in.
 Rainfall occurred on 18 days.

12:30 p.m., Community Room, Monterey Meetinghouse. Free, pre-registration required. See p. 7.

Monterey's Bottom of the Bucket in concert, 8 p.m., Sandisfield Arts Center, \$10. See p. 28.

Monday, August 18: Open poetry night, 7 p.m., Monterey Library. Come and share your poems. See p. 11.

Tuesday, August 19: Free Health Screening, Community Health Program, 10 a.m., Town Hall.

Saturday, August 23:

Common Thread, group of Monterey musicians, in performance, 8 p.m., Sandisfield Arts Center, \$10. See p. 28.

Screening of silent film classic *Phantom of the Opera*, starring Lon Chaney, 8:00 p.m., with music by pianist Ben Modell. See p. 25.

Join Naturalist David St. James on a birding walk, 7:45 a.m., Project Native, 342 North Plain Road (Rte. 41), Housatonic. Free.

Sunday, August 24: Berkshire Hatchery Foundation's 6th annual Lobsterfest, at the Hatchery, 2p.m. Tickets are \$65 per person; call 413-528-9761. See p. 29.

Sunday, August 31: AfroQuilt Worldwide community potluck & celebration, 5:00 p.m., Firehouse Pavilion. See p. 7.



DENNIS J. DOWNING
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Contributions from local artists this month:
Rachel Arnow, p. 14; Maureen Banner, pp. 6, 10, 17;
Christopher Carnese, p. 12; George Emmons, p. 29;
Bonner McAllester, p. 24.

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